27-

a beak; a chicken with its leg patched up; on the way out of the village, a mule that swings its broken leg out on the side like a victim of locomotor ataxia. That's all.

The heat reverberates from the rock walls. Road edged with boxwood; hellebores. Having reached Saint-Julia de Loria at about four o'clock, our first desire was to push on to Seo, but I feel all done in and, besides, this evening we cannot find a donkey to carry our luggage into Spain. The one we got at Hospitalet, which hasn't the right to cross the frontier, is unloaded. Ropes had held tied to his back the mountain of coats, blankets, and the big brown canvas sack in which clothing and provisions are all rolled topsy-turvy together. After a few days of cohabitation in the sack, the most varied objects enter into intimate relationships with each other; the boxes burst and pour forth their contents; everything becomes gummed and stuck together in a nameless conglomeration. The most accommodating object is my umbrella —which I certainly don't need, but which I could neither put into a traveling-bag nor check anywhere —and which the donkey-driver hands back to me the first evening bent in an arch, having assumed, molded to the donkey's back, a shockingly suggestive form. I succeeded in straightening out the metal stem, but as soon as I tried to open it, the cotton, worn by the rubbing of the ropes, burst everywhere at once.

End of the day along the stream; children are laying nets, which they will take up the next day at dawn.

Heat on the terrace where we are dining, lighted by acetylene. Heat in the bedrooms; bedbugs. lehl explains to me his conviction that they come down from St. Joseph. Benevolent saint whose smile is hung over his bed (above mine, St. Ignatius), is it true that your image, half off its backing, is sheltering them? Between the iron of the bed, which forms

a decorative medallion, and the chromo, lehl, standing on the bed, sprays insect powder, which makes him sneeze vigorously without much frightening the bugs. . , .

Sunday

Four o'clock; first sounds on the square; a cat is mewing its hunger in the corridor; I hear the eldest of yesterday's fishermen, the innkeeper's son, getting ready and going downstairs; already the two other boys are waiting for him on the square; I get up and lean over the balcony; the square is ash-gray. The children recognize me and call to rne. They have got back into their soaked clothing of the day before. The top of the mountains is trembling and growing pale, but all the colors are still asleep; an old woman leads some thin horses by. . . . I have hardly closed rny eyes all night. The air is full of a winy scent I go back to bed for a few minutes.